

The Stars and Stripes

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DISCOURAGING

"It is more or less discouraging to the reserve officers," writes an officer to this paper, "to see no advancement as a reward for conscientious effort when provisional second lieutenants who completed the same course—"

Etc., etc., etc.

It is more or less discouraging—or would be for some people—to be a private, spend a tolerably uncomfortable winter in a dugout or an Adrian barracks, neither of them steam-heated, and then, when spring comes, hike a hundred and fifty kilometers along a dusty road into battle and die there.

It will be more or less discouraging for most of the reserve officers to find that there is one among them who thinks and feels as we have quoted him above.

For there are a whole lot of old-fashioned people in the Army, both officers and men, who have come into the war to serve their country.

Of course, there's nothing to be said for them. It's such a terribly old-fashioned idea.

THE CAMPAIGN HAT

The man in the S.O.S. sighs for a chance with the death or glory boys up front and, once a week or thereabouts, expresses his regrets in verse. But now he has a mighty consolation. If a soldier is a forester—which, by the law of chances, he probably is not—or if his job is in the Service of Supplies, he may once more sport that finest of headgears, that good old honest-to-God bonnet, the campaign hat.

That much reconquered territory it now holds. The overseas cap still holds the Z. of A. It—or something equally flexible and pocketable—is the only practical cap up front in the land of shrapnel, where the steel helmet is a blessing and a necessity. But there are many of the Z. of A. who are miles away from the German guns and whose daily work and life does not call for a hat in any way different from the one worn in the basest of base ports.

The time honored sombrero may be expensive and it may take up a lot of room. There is no doubt that it gets perverted out of shape the day before inspection. But it keeps the sun and the rain out of a man's eyes, it keeps him from looking like a German prisoner, and it lets him go abroad in the daylight without a feeling that all the good people of France are humming under their breaths that popular ditty of a generation ago: "Where did you get that hat?"

CHATEAU-THIERRY

Infantry and Marines share alike the glory of Chateau-Thierry.

Not all the fighting was in that little junction town on the Marne, or even near it; but, thanks to our Yankee passion for labelling things, the swift succession of attack on attack along that whole sector during the first vivid days of June is likely to go down in the history of France and America as the battle of Chateau-Thierry.

If the future historian of that fighting shall record that both Infantryman and Marine won their laurels which shall never fade, glory which shall never be dimmed, he will be stating the truth, but stating it in more words than he needs.

For instead of writing Infantryman and Marine, he can say simply, "The American soldier."

A LIBEL

Germany torpedoed the Sussex, with Americans on board, Germany later, as a result of our protest, solemnly agreed to cease her ruthless submarine warfare.

Yet six weeks after she had given that promise, Count von Bernstorff, her ambassador to the United States, asked his Government to advise him in plenty of time before the submarine campaign was resumed—in order that he might make preparations to cripple the United States if, as a result of the resumption, it came into the war.

We have this new revelation of German duplicity from no less a person than Secretary of State Lansing. In the light of it, and the great mass of similar evidence in possession of the United States of the utter worthlessness of Germany's word, to call Germany the skunk among the nations is grossly to libel the skunk.

CITED

The temporary adoption of French war orphans and the children of war-maimed soldiers under THE STARS AND STRIPES plan received a fine impetus last week when an Infantry regiment—which we are fortunate in being able to designate more specifically as "an Ohio regiment"—took 54 mascots.

The regiment made a campaign for francs which was directed by the chaplain and two buck privates and forwarded a cigar box full of more or less tattered paper money. It was a generous offering. But the money was gathered just after payday, and we are assured that its collection didn't impoverish any of the 3,600 men concerned. Yet it will provide comfort and

education for a year for 54 children at a critical period in their lives, and appreciably lessen the difficulties of many widowed mothers and little brothers and sisters.

The memory of this Ohio regiment will be cherished long in France.

THE UNIFORM

An imposing motor car whirls through the town filled to the brim with imposing beings all adorned with the Sam Browne belt. It passes a knot of soldiers who snap to attention and salute smartly before relapsing. They are already gazing at the tail-lights when one of the men in the tonneau catches on the wind the muttered comment: "Oh, hell, it was only those war correspondents."

There are so many men in and about the A.E.F. who are not soldiers at all, but who can be distinguished from officers only after a careful scrutiny in a bright light, that it is small wonder some of our French friends are puzzled and our own enlisted men confused.

A letter on this subject, written by a plaintive private and published on this page a fortnight ago, suggested that "the wearing of the Sam Browne belt be restricted to duly commissioned officers of the Army and that the seal, with the eagle, arrows and all be worn on the garrison caps of officers alone."

A good many agree with him. A good many think, for that matter, that the war correspondent, the Red Cross worker, the Y.M.C.A. secretary, the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army man should each wear a uniform so distinctive in cut and color that he could be recognized a block away—that, thus attired, he would be happier and the whole Army better off.

The fewer the Distinguished Service Crosses awarded the greater the honor each will carry. The less freely and the less promiscuously the Sam Browne belt is distributed, the more it will mean and the greater respect it will command.

GO AHEAD, GERMANY

Germany wants to get Von Rintelen, the arch-plotter and co-worker of Bernstorff, Boy-Ed, Von Papen and company, now held prisoner in the United States, back in the fold. With characteristic German tact, she informed the United States that if he were not exchanged there would be severe reprisals on American prisoners in Germany; and all the world knows what German reprisals mean.

The reply of the United States was swift, sharp, and clear. It told Germany that if she maltreated any American it would "inevitably be understood to invite similar reciprocal action on the part of the United States with respect to the great number of German subjects in America."

The old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is stiff business, but it is the only kind of business which the Hun understands. There are scores of Germans in the United States for every American interned or held prisoner in Germany. Go ahead, Germany, America has served notice.

THE ONLY TEST

From time to time we are wont to ponder "on the stuff of which heroes are made." We reflect upon it subconsciously, just as some of us ruminate—or once did ruminate—on how we are going to feel under fire. Psychologists never have been able to classify and catalogue the qualities that go to the making of a hero. There is no way of telling one in advance.

Offhand, no one would have said a few months ago that a dentist named Aloysius Lucius Lamar Lyle would be a hero. Without passing an opinion as to whether or not his mother raised him to be a soldier, it is fair to assume that she didn't name him for one.

And yet Aloysius Lucius Lamar Lyle joined the Army and came to France as a dental officer, and two or three weeks ago was cited for unusual bravery on the battlefield. Under heavy shell fire, he went to the aid of a wounded man in peril of bleeding to death, quenched the flow of blood and carried him to safety.

The only test for a hero is the opportunity.

A BIT OF AMERICA

She is an old, or at least an elderly woman. The place where she lives is a particularly ugly little American manufacturing town; its inhabitants are largely what we used to call foreigners.

The State had been helping her for many years. It was not much, but that monthly allowance, which she called for regularly at the office of the city clerk, was the slender thread that kept both ends of life together.

When she paid her April call, the city clerk reached for his books and began to go through with the monthly formula. But, "Please," she said, "I don't think I need the money any more, sir. My circumstances have improved. I'm working, and I think the Government needs the money more than I do."

The town is ugly and dirty. It has given the Army a little legion of youths most of whose names are the bane of many a company clerk's existence, and have nearly prostrated with lockjaw many a top sergeant calling the roll.

But it is a bit of America.

TRUE TO FORM

In 1905 the Kaiser awarded to Mr. Wilson-Marshall of New York, winner of the ocean yacht race in that year, an alleged gold cup which he declared to be worth \$5,000. Recently Mr. Wilson-Marshall decided to auction off the cup for the benefit of the Red Cross. It brought in \$125,000, and the successful bidder had it sent off to a dealer's to be cleaned up and put in shape.

The dealer assayed and tested it, and then reported that, instead of being of gold, the cup was made of German pewter; and that, far from being worth the \$5,000 the Kaiser claimed for it, it was only worth \$35.

There is really no need for comment on the occurrence. It is merely put into the record here to show that, even in the matter of yacht race prizes as far back as 1905, the Kaiser was practicing for the day when he expected to sell the whole world the gold brick of Kultur.

In other words, Wilhelm was merely running true to form.

The Army's Poets

SONG OF THE CENSOR MAN

Oh, I am the man with a mightier pen
Than the chisel the lawgiver knew;
The snip of my shears is more dreaded of men
Than the sword that Napoleon drew.
I foil the young man with a nose for the news,
And I stifle the first feeble note
Of the soldier who ventures to air any views
That he never was paid to promote.

Oh, it's snip, snip, snip is the rhythmic swing
Of my shears in the morning light.
And clip, clip, clip is the raucous ring
Of their voice in the stately night.
I may strike from the calendar all of its dates,
And I rob every town of its name,
And rarely a letter but sadly relates
The tale of my terrible fame.

Oh, I know all the secrets that ever were told,
Till every unfortunate prays
That the book of omnipotent knowledge I hold
May be sealed to the end of my days.
On each written syllable, proudly I state,
I pronounce benediction or ban.
For I'm the personification of Fate—
The redoubtable Censor man!

JOHN FLETCHER HALL,
Sgt., Acting Chaplain, Inf.

BEEFING

It seems I'm never satisfied
No matter where I go.
My job is easy, my duties light,
I still find grief and woe.
If I'm stationed in a training camp
Where drills are very light,
I holler to be sent up front
To get into the fight.

When we were in the U.S.A.,
I thought we had no chance.
And I wasn't really satisfied
Till on my way to France.
We've been here now about six months,
And if I had kept track,
I'll bet I've said a thousand times,
"I wish I was back."

And when I was a corporal
I belly-ached around
And thought a better sergeant
Than I'd make could not be found.
I've had three stripes for eight long months,
And still I curse my luck,
And threaten that I'll tear 'em off
And go back to a buck.

When they try to please me
And dish out first class chow,
And there's sugar in the coffee,
I'll holler anyhow.
And if I was sent to Heaven
And up there was doing well,
I wouldn't, yet, be satisfied
Till I'd got a look at hell!

SGT. H. H. HUSS, Inf.

THE MEN OF THE WEST

From the great West, where, with a do and a dare,
Their father went, they come;
From great cities fair, and the forests where
The great fir grows, they come.
From the Puget Sound, and the hills around
The Gold Gate, they come.
From the shop and store, and the college door
And the jungle camps, they come;
From the myriad mines, where the mucker finds

The wealth of the world, they come;
From the burning sands of the arid lands
And the sage brush plains, they come;
From the desert where the coyote wails
To the midnight moon, they come.
From the golden West with a hearty zest
For the fighting fierce, they come.
With a purpose bold and a faith untold
In their fighting strength, they come;
In a righteous cause, for freedom and laws
Of human right, they come;
With a courage bold as their mountain air
And rivers free, they come;
And the foe shall know wherever they go
That the men of the West have come.

GEORGE L. CHAMPIE,
Troop, M.P.

THE TANK

Oh, she's nothin' sweet to look at an' no symphony to hear;
She ain't no pomp of beauty, that's a cinch—
She howls like Holy Jumper when a feller shifts
But she's a lovely dumpy in a pinch.
Just head her straight for Berlin and no matter what the road,
Or what the trenches, trees and mud,
And I'll guarantee she'll get there with her precious human load
And her treads a-drippin' red with German blood.

Oh, you tank! tank! tank!
She's a pippin, she's a daisy, she's a dream!
Where the star-shells are a-lightnin' up the thickest of the fightin',
She'll be sailin' like a demon through the gleam.

If the way is rough and stony and the vantage point is far,
Just slip her into high and hang on tight,
Shove your foot into the throttle and to hell with all the jar—
She'll take you clean from here to out of sight.
Courage you've got to clean and scrub her same as any piece of tin,
That's worth the smoke to blow her up the tube;
But just whisper to her gently, pat her back and yell "Giddap!"
And there ain't a thing she wouldn't do for you.

Oh, you tank! tank! tank!
She's a Lulu, she's a cuckoo! She's the goods!
When the Hochees see you comin', they will set the air to the music of the saw.
A wavin' of their legs to reach the woods.

When the last great rush is over and the last grim trench is past,
She will roll in high right through old Berlin town.
Her grim old sides a-shakin' and her innerds raisin' hob,
Intent on runnin' Kaiser Wilhelm down,
Then she'll find him and we'll bind him to her grindin' teeth, treadin',
And we'll start her rollin' on the road to Hell—
Shove her into high and leave her, tie her bloomin' tank!

We'll say she's lived her life and lived it well.
Oh, you tank! tank! tank!
She's devil! She's a dandy! She's sublime!
When her grimy hide goes hurlin' through the dirty streets of Berlin
Watch the goose step change to Yankee double time of sow.

SGT. RICHARD C. COLBURN, Tank Corps.

TOUJOURS LE MEME

No matter how wise or how foolish
The company's cook may be.
When down at the table we're seated,
Two things we all plainly can see;
When we look at the chow,
There's the bosom of sow,
And beans—beans—beans.

If quartered in city or country,
The cook never misses his aim;
If messing in swamp or on mountain,
Two things will remain quite the same;
Though it may cause a row,
We've got the bosom of sow,
And beans—beans—beans.

When tasks for the day are all ended,
And weary are body and brain,
Small matter it makes if we're eating indoors, or outside in the rain.
The cook makes his bow
With bosom of sow,
And beans—beans—beans.

Of all that I've learned in the Army,
This fact I am sure I know well—
And others are certain to tell you—
The soldier's worst picture of Hell
Is twice as bad as the real thing.
With the bosom of sow,
And beans—beans—beans.

CORP. VANCE C. CRISS, Engrs.

A CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER

O Lord, I am not worthy to
Be found amid these reddened hands
Who offer as a sacrifice their sod,
Themselves, to Thee, great martyr bands.
Let me but kiss the ground they tread,
And breathe the air that blows above their sod,
And gather up the drops they shed,
These heroes in the cause of God.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, Lt., Chaplain.

THE PRIVATE



THE ONCE OVER

Beauty isn't everything, even when you're soldiering. And a lot of strange equipment will get by at inspection if you have an excuse—always providing the excuse is good enough.

The Engineers have been over here since almost last summer. They have transported much ammunition to the front and established a record for running trains close to the line. Although nominally "non-combatant troops," they have, in more than one emergency, taken guns and given Fritz a little entertainment. It was after such an occasion that an American major-general inspected one battalion of the regiment.

The Engineers had been attached, at different times, to both the French and the British and during these periods of service had replenished from the Q.M.'s of these armies the American wardrobe and outfit they started with. This had been augmented with articles gathered promiscuously, and without apparent favoritism, from French colonial troops, Portuguese and Chinese.

When they lined up for the inspection, some had American sombreros or steel helmets, and others wore French and English headgear of various types. There were men with leather puttees, men with spirals, men with canvas leggings and men with no leggings. One corporal sported a pair of rubber boots. They were just as variegated as to breeches and blouses and even arms. One man's total equipment consisted of a mackinaw donated by a Moroccan.

The general alighted from his automobile for the inspection and, after one glance at the troops, restrained, with obvious difficulty, some kind of strange emotion. He gathered himself, however, and made his tour of the ranks, pausing just once before a tall private dressed in contributions of four armies, with a French rifle, minus a breech bolt, held at port.

"Can't shoot Germans with that," said the major-general.

"No, sir," agreed the private, "but you can harpoon 'em."

After the inspection the major-general made a little speech. It was about as follows:

"I want to compliment you men on what you have done. From all I hear, you have been doing wonderful work, work beyond mere verbal praise. But I want to say that there hasn't been a stranger looking battalion of soldiers since Villa's Bandits."

Since then the Engineers, Ry., have been known as Villa's Bandits.

CHEVRONS AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I am writing for definite information in regard to gold service chevrons. I have read in your estimable newspaper that the stripe is for all who have served six months overseas.

The members of this hospital unit known to the British E.F. as No. 16 (Phila. U.S.A.) General Hospital, and to the American E.F. as Base Hospital No. 10, U.S.A., enlisted May 7, 1917, sailed May 19, and began very active service in France, June 11, 1917. About May 1st, this year, we began to feel as if two (count 'em) little goldstripes would look mighty nice decorating our left sleeve, and so the more impatient in our midst, all good readers of and payers for THE STARS AND STRIPES, decided to hoist the same and thus show some of our boys, just arriving, that they were not coming into a land populated by Total Strangers.

As we are still members in good standing of the Medical Reserve Corps, U.S.A., that is, those of us who are enlisted and came over with the original unit over a year ago, we feel entitled to the privilege of all insignia which indicates membership in the American Army. Thus endeth the first chapter, with everybody happy.

Now, there arose in our midst a certain somewhat newly-arrived member who was entitled to only one of the coveted stripes, and who was also one of those chaps who loves to put flies in the soup for no other reason than that he loves to do just that. This red-tape enthusiast advertised that as we had received no order from G.O.F., telling us to put up the stripes, we had no business wearing them. Running true to his nature, he brayed loud enough and long enough until, finally, the powers that be took notice and issued the command, "Off with the stripes."

In vain we quoted *Jeuneur* paragraphs from your newspaper; in vain we called attention to the fact that several of our very best officers were wearing 'em; but as we had no copy of any official order or any number of any official order to quote the noise of a fool has prevailed in the market place and our glory is as the glory of Carthage (see "Hannibal," Encyc. Brit. Vol. 7, Page 7)—*fin!*

THE HUNT FOR THE FRONT

A JOURNEY DIRECTED BY NOBODY IN PARTICULAR

ONCE upon a time there was a man. He might have been a civilian or he might have been a soldier; I don't know and it doesn't matter. Anyway, he lauded at a base port in France; he might have come on a transport or he might have come in a banana boat or a box car or a dory; I don't know and it doesn't matter. And the name of the base port might have been Stockholm or Vladivostok or South Bend.

All of that is beside the point and might as well not have been written, but somebody would begin to ask foolish questions if this story began as it should, which is as follows:

Once upon a time there was a man who landed at a base port in France.

"Where's the front?" he asked.

"The front?" echoed the Engineer sergeant—you can't get off at a base port without bumping into an Engineer sergeant, can you?

"The front? Say, you don't suppose we keep it in a box here in town, do you? Go on along up the line and ask."

So the man went on along up the line.

"Where's the front?" he asked.

"The front?" repeated the sergeant in the Q.M.C.—the wasn't a Q.M. sergeant, note; just a sergeant in the Q.M.C.—"the front? We're just out of fronts. Guess you'll have to get along with the one you got. Hold on—maybe they could give you one in Paris."

So the man went on to Paris.

He stayed two nights and a day, and there was an air raid each night, or at least an attempt to hold one, and there were stray shots from *la grosse Bertha* during the day.

"So this is the front?" he remarked, inquiringly.

"Who said it was?" countered the M.P. "You get your travel orders O.K'd and stamped and I'll start you toward the front."

So the man got his travel orders O.K'd. He took a train as far as trains could go and then he walked. He walked many dusty miles.

At last, he came to a division headquarters.

"Where's the front?" he asked.

A busy colonel, who was running his fingers over a map as though he were tuning it, jerked his head up toward the northeast.

The man walked many more dusty miles and came to regimental headquarters. On the way somebody shelled him and spoiled a couple of aspirin beds and ripped seven leaves from an apple tree.

"Ah," said the man to himself, "the front at last!"

"How do you like it here at the front?" he asked.

"Like it?" repeated the doughboy. "I don't know; I ain't been there since Tuesday. You might go on up the line and ask the Second Battalion. They're in the line finding out whether they like it or not."

It was dark when he reached the Second Battalion headquarters.

"Do you find this a very fronty front?" he asked.

"If you're one of those goopers who are looking for the war," said the major, "you'll have to go on up the line. Our liaison with the Boche is very poor just now, so I can't order a special shelling for your benefit. Glad to have seen you."

"What part of the front is this?" the man asked at company headquarters.

"This is the front part of the back," said the captain. "If you go on up the line a bit, you'll run square into the back part of the front. You can't miss it."

The man stumbled over a couple of hundred shell holes and finally got lost in a communitating trench.

"Where's the army?" he asked a sentry.

"Guess they're up at the front," said the sentry. "First turn to the right, then left, then right again, about face and straight ahead. Be careful and don't right oblique at that last turn or you'll wind up in Potsdam."

"This is my first trip to the front," said the man.

"The front?" said the boy on the frestep.

"If you want to go up front, you'll have to get permission from the second lieutenant out there in that peep post."

"Are you the lieutenant who shows folks the front?" asked the man.

"I'm a lieutenant," answered the lieutenant, "but I am not the right guide. I guess the man you want is out with that patrol up front there."

But by this time the man was all tired out, so he curled up in the peep post and went to sleep.

Next morning he snapped out of it and went to look for the patrol. He had an idea that it might be waiting up for him.

He stumbled into a trench. There were a lot of one-time Germans in it, but they weren't any good to anybody any more.

"Hoozair!" yelled a Tank sentry.

"Pardon me," said the man. "I only meant to go as far as the front. I see I've got away just it."

"Just it?" echoed the sentry. "Hell, we rumpled ahead a couple of kilometers last night. The front is up yonder a piece."

So the man bit the pin off a hand grenade and swallowed it.